

HURRY, LITTLE CHILDREN SUNDAY MORN!

Sung in the " Mulligan Grand Picnic "

Hurry, little children, Sunday morn!
De ole mule's tied at de door,
Get into de wagon, come along,
And see old Parson Moore
Standing in de pulpit, Bible in hand,
Happy as a clam in de shell;
Come, hurry, little children, oh, de lamb!
Hear dat ole church bell

CHORUS

Ding, dong, ding-a-ding-a-dong,
Listen to the echo in the dell;
Hurry, little children, Sunday morn!
Hear dat ole church hell.
Ding, dong, ding-a-ding-a-dong
Listen to de echo in the dell;
Hurry, little children, Sunday morn!
Hear dat ole churoh bell.

Flowers in de roadside hending low,
De blackhird chirping on de tree,
Labor's done and over, come and go,
And set ole Satan loose and free;
Smoking in de hollow, foggy on de hill,
Sunny 'round de church in de dell;
Oh, hush, you little children, do keep still,
Hear dat ole churoh bell
Ding, dong, ding-a-ding-a-dong, &c.

Froggy on de brookside croaking loud,
De ole cow chewing on its oud,
Goosey goas a-waddling mighty prond,
De pig sleep in de juicy mud;
Resurrection morning hear dat horn,
Sinner man he run a pel-a-mel;
Oh, soramble in de churohyard, newly horn,
Hear dat ole church hell.
Ding, dong, ding-a-ding-a-dong, &c.

Neighbor on a roadside walking slow,
A-humming of Zion's happy tune;
Aunty Chloe, Kesiah and Uncle Snow,
He's just exactly eighty-five in June.
Mourners in de vestry, sisters in de pew,
Everybody happy, fat, and well;
Oh, hush, you little children, keep still, do,
Hear dat ole church bell.

Ding, dong, ding-a-ding-a-dong, &c.